**The Reconstruction of Will Graham**

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# The Reconstruction of Will Graham

by Chaniis, Seeya_In_Solla_Sollew

Summary

Discontinued

Will Graham survives the fall- sort of

Instead of hitting the black, icy water that beckons him, his body hits the soft sheets of his matress. Instead of dying with his arms wrapped around Hannibal, he wakes up with an iron grip around his body pillow. Instead of darkness, the light of the morning sun shines around him like a kiss from the heavens, warming him from the tips of his curls to his toes.

For a horrible moment, he thinks he's lost time again, that his encephalitis has come back full force and that he's somehow gone through the entire hospital process without remembering a wink of it.

That ends when Hannibal Lecter, comes knocking on his door with a very familiar scramble in his hands. So now he's sure he's just insane, or in Hell. and he's not sure which ones worse.

But as time goes on, Will starts to notice that things are playing out almost exactly the same as they have in the past- or is it present? Eventually, he comes to the conclusion that he's traveled back in time, and he's the only person he knows that seems to be aware of it.

Now armed with a winning hand, Will decides it's time to take his life back and make Hannibal's miserable in the process.

# Genesis

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up five years in the past. But even time travel won't help him get away from Hannibal, or his past.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*“See, this is all I ever wanted for you, Will.” Hannibal says softly against the blood-soaked night sky, “For both of us…” his breathing is calm, as controlled as ever, a stark contrast to Will’s gasps of disbelief.*

*He’s killed before, but not like this. This was…is…artful, full of grace. And like the red that stains him, “It’s beautiful” he mumbles out loud, shakily meeting Hannibal’s eyes.*

*They become one then, standing on the edge of that cliff in a long-overdue embrace. Hannibal closes his eyes, rests his head against Will’s heaving body, and the man feels his tormentor turned sick soulmate relax.*

*Just then, a moment of clarity washes over him. He tightens his grip, disguised as pulling Hannibal closer “It’s beautiful,” he whispers again, so softly that only Hannibal can hear.*

*‘We are beautiful. And beautiful things must die before they turn ugly.’*

*With an empty prayer and moment to drink in the peace they share, Will lets his body falls back, dragging Hannibal’s with it. He sends them over the cliff ledge and into the freezing water below.*

~

Will wakes up gasping. Blind panic sending him tumbling off the bed and onto the floor, limbs tangled in the white sheets. He’s gripping a pillow instead of Hannibal- *Hannibal!*

Through hazy vision and mental confusion, he searches the small area for the Cannibal. There's a knot in his chest, a fear that the man has somehow trapped him here, wherever here is.

Where is here?

His pounding heart won't let him register the room he's in or its familiarity. All he can see is the blackness of water, all he can feel is the wind rushing past, pulling the drying blood from his skin, Hannibal's arms around him in the tightest of embraces…

He squeezes his eyes shut against the light of day streaming in through poorly made curtains, and tries to center himself back in the moment, whatever the moment is. He has to figure out where he is first, then figure out where Hannibal is.

Because if Will is alive and somewhere besides a hospital bed, then Hannibal is surely alive too, and close. And there's no doubt that their show has sent the man into a prideful frenzy. After all, he'd gotten Will to do exactly what he'd always wanted him to do. And gotten Will to do it well.

What horrors he may ask, demand, and make Will enact next are anyone's guess.

Perhaps he's back in Italy. Though after everything that happened there, he could easily see the land being soiled for his murderous companion. Or maybe that's Will projecting.

So it's probably not Italy, definitely not anywhere near Wolf Trap because even Hannibal isn't that cocky. So that just leaves…the entire globe.

"Where the hell am I?"

He supposes that there really is only one way to find out. Will picks himself up, kicking the sheets off to wrap them around his sweat-shined body, and stumbles away from the bed to take it all in.

He's in a motel room, that's for sure, and something about it seems eerily familiar…like he's been here before. There's a grey carpet beneath his feet and an ugly painting of three black squares to his right. A door, open, leads to a small bathroom, and to his left lies a kitchenette with a little table and two matching chairs.
*Something* happened at that table…he's sure of it.

The more he looks around, the surer he is that this is a place he's been at least once. Maybe he's been staying here with Hannibal, hiding out after the fall…but he'd know that, would he?

Unless…

Did he lose time again? Is that possible? Could his encephalitis be back now after the…he wants to say trauma? Of killing the red dragon with Hannibal. Did he survive the fall…and go through the whole healing process without noticing or remembering?

Has he been living with that man?

"Ugh, gah" he runs his hands through his hair and reaches for his contacts- only to discover that they're not there. What is there are his glasses- glasses he doesn't leave on his nightstand anymore.

Still, he shoves them on his face and starts searching for something to wear.

Suddenly, there's a very precise knocking on the door and Will freezes. He still hasn't quite figured out how the hell he got here. The last thing he wants to do is talk to someone right now. Especially since that someone could be law enforcement.

He hopes that maybe, if he stays here, wrapped in sheets, long enough, the person will get the idea and leave.
Or at least burst down his door and get it over with.

That hope is dashed when the knocking returns.

"For the love of God." He mumbles, not bothering to discard the sheet before stomping towards the door and yelling "Coming!" at the top of his lungs.

*'Some people have no courtesy,'*

He flings open the door, fully prepared to chew this person out, "It's seven A-"

The words die in this throat as his blue eyes fall upon Hannibal- dressed in a terracotta suit,

holding his large lunch box bag thing “Good morning Will, may I-“
Will slams the door in Hannibal’s face, locks it, bolts it, and slams his back against it, using sheer strength to keep himself up.

That’s Hannibal. Hannibal is here.

“Will?” Hannibal asks, tone mildly annoyed, but still exotic and dignified, “is this a bad time?”

*Oh my God*

Will leaps from the door to begin a frantic pace around the room *‘Why is he acting so… normal?’* Will asks himself, *'he’s acting like nothing happened…’* If he did lose time, then Hannibal being here right now is even worse because Will has no idea how they’ve been living, or how they survived the fall. None of it is in there, and he doesn’t feel prepared to pretend it is. Or prepared to figure out whatever the hell he's been doing to convince Hannibal to keep him alive.

“Agent Crawford is deposed in court, I brought you breakfast before we begin our adventure.”

“The adventure will be yours and mine today,” Will mumbles under his breath, scarcely aware that he’s done it.

“J-Just give me a minute!” a minute, an hour, a day, hell he needs a lifetime to prepare for whatever happens next.

“As you wish.”

The hammering in his chest increases. Is he here for revenge? Will did try and kill him after all. And Hannibal has done far worse for a lot less… he glances back over to the door to check if it's bolted, it is.

He’s hoping the Cannibal will leave if enough time passes. He sits, he paces, he twitches. He thinks about the Red Dragon, about what he could possibly say now to keep himself alive- and keep Hannibal away from him.

He thinks about sinking his weapon into the Red Dragon's body…Hannibal at his side…

Wait, shouldn't Hannibal be locked up?

Will reaches for his phone. He needs to call the police, Hannibal cannot be out there. Will knows that. Whatever Will's personal feelings were, however much he wished…no matter what he desired, he knew and knows that Hannibal deserves to be in prison.

With a heavy heart and labored breaths, he tries over and over to turn the phone on, shaking hands getting in the way and making him almost drop it several times. When he finally does get it on and to the right location to make a call, he doesn't get past the first digit before he sees the date; 'October 13th.

His heart stops. With trembling fingers, he opens the calendar, eyes shut in fear that that is the real date and he really lost that much time…
What he sees is so much worse.

It's not October 13th, 2016, it's October 10th…*2010*.
He fumbles, almost drops his phone, checks the date again, and drops his phone for real. He backs up, eyes glued to the device until his back hits the door again.
2010…October 13th…

That's when it hits him that this is the motel he was staying in before he shot Garret Jacob Hobbs dead.

"Your breakfast will get cold soon, Will."

Oh my God, he's going insane…or he's in Hell. Hannibal's here, so Hell would make sense.

Does he open the door? If he's right and he's in Hell then he's about to get stabbed…or eaten alive or something. Will Hannibal kick down the door if he doesn't give in?

"I-I'm not hungry…" he chokes out, running his hands through his hair in panicked disbelief.

"Nonsense, you need a hearty breakfast to get you through the day we have ahead of us."

If he's insane then none of this is real and Hannibal is probably no danger to him…

*‘Why is Hannibal acting like it’s the day it is when that’s impossible? Did he change the setting on my phone, bring me here to torment me? Is this revenge for the cliff?’* the thoughts fly at him like bullets, piercing through his composure and sanity, what little is left of it anyways.

This all feels like an elaborate joke…

And there’s really only one way to find out…isn’t there…

He unlatches the door and unlocks it, pulling the sheet tighter around himself before opening the door with shaking hands.

He blinks in the light again, eyes falling squarely past Hannibal’s ear, “U-Uh…sorry about that…I uh…” he looks down at himself, “Had to get dressed.”

Hannibal’s lips twitch up briefly. He ignores the strange declaration and asks, ever patient, “May I come in?”

*‘God no’* “Sure…”

He opens the door all the way and watches as Hannibal enters calmly like he has no idea what has happened.

He sits in the right chair of Will’s little table, just like had on that day, this day. The day it was, or is…

Hannibal looks back at him with a waiting expression, “I am very careful about what I put in my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself” he beckons Will over with his eyes. Those eyes that seem to see right through the man and into his very soul…those eyes that sought to claim him, to transform him.

Those eyes that did.

He opens Tupperware to reveal the protein scramble.

*The human meat scramble.*

He wants the thought of it to make him feel sicker than it does. He wants to feel repulsed as he sits down and takes the Tupperware, almost dropping it due to his shaking hands.

He also wants to feel off auto piolet but the shock of this all has stunned him into compliance with how things played out before.

“A little protein Scramble to start the day…” Hannibal goes on to list the ingredients, but Will isn’t listening. He’s thinking about the human in that meat, thinking that he’s going to have to eat it, knowing full well what it is.

Again, he tries to make himself feel worse about it but, it isn’t like he hasn’t sat across from Hannibal and consumed meat before, meat he brought the Cannibal no less. He can eat this…

Maybe he has Kuru and his mind is truly broken.

He stabs a sausage, then stuffs it into his mouth. It's delicious like it was before, and the fact that’s it people only slightly spoils the flavor. “That’s delicious, thank you…”

“My pleasure.” There's a bout of silence, and Will half expects to begin to pass out from poisoning, for Hannibal to show his true colors instead of whatever act he’s putting on right now. But all that happens is Hannibal saying “I would apologize for my analytical ambush but I know I-“

“Apologies are the stones we throw in to fill a bottomless lake,” Will interrupts, “It's best to just leave it alone.”

Hannibal is taken aback for a second as if he doesn’t understand why Will wouldn’t want his apologies. Has enough time passed that the Cannibal has forgotten? There are no cuts on his face, no marks from that night…maybe Will has lost more time than he thought, or maybe this really is all a sick joke.

Or maybe his phone is broken. Nothing makes sense enough right now.

“Perhaps we are simply throwing the stones in from the wrong angle,” He answers at last, “Or perhaps the effort is what makes it worth it.”

“What, you want to become friendly or something?” Will replies around his fork. They are

way beyond friendly. He'd sooner trade bullets than friendship bracelets. There's a part of him that's telling him to run, to throw the food in Hannibal's face, and get out of here. He knows that's what he should do, actually, but his feet feel rooted to the floor and his hand is closed around his utensils in a punishing grip. He's not going anywhere, not until he figures out what's really going on.

"God forbid we do," Hannibal quips

They eat in silence, the only noise being the scraping of forks against cheap ceramic and the audible swallows from both men.

"Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters," Hanibal offers once the silence grows too much for even him.

Will shakes his head. He knows he's supposed to, say something about the Shrike but, that's not what he wants to do. He's sitting across from the Shirke, from the Chesapeake Ripper, and a game of cat and mouse doesn't sound appealing right now.

And besides, there's nothing he has to do because all of this already happened. There's nothing he can do to change or fix events that have already passed. This is a mind game, it's as simple as that. Hannibal must be playing with him, seeing how long the man can last before he cracks and says something.

"I should get dressed." He stands up, mind made that he won't cave to this right away, that he'll at least hold out long enough to solve the puzzle.

He walks away from a half-eaten breakfast to tend to his drawers. Putting his back to Hannibal is dangerous, but not any more dangerous than being around him at all. If Hannibal wants him dead or docile, he will make it so, no matter what Will does.

"I will meet you in my car then." The Cannibal gathers his dishes quickly, efficiently, and makes his way out of the motel to allow Will to dress.

It's a gesture that is so Hannibal while being so not Hannibal at the same time. The real Hannibal- the Hannibal Will knows so intimately would not be so spited, would not be so forgiving of all these major transgressions.

The Hannibal Will of today, past Will for lack of a better term, knows would absolutely let this slide. Only because he knew how miserable he would be making Will in the future.

There's no point right now in freaking out, he already did that, and it yielded no results on Hannibal's part. If he wants to see this though, if he wants to find out where this story will end, he is going to have to get in that car, go to that construction field, and hope that Hannibal will crash their car before they get there.

~

"What are you smiling at?" Will forces himself to say when the pair pulls up to the construction site, much to his own dismay.

Hannibal shoots off his FBI admiration speech and Will is surprised that the man has been able to recreate these events so perfectly.

'You're lucky we're not doing house-to-house interviews. We found a tiny piece of metal in the Nickles girl's clothing…it's a…a thread from a pipe threader..."
"There must be hundreds of construction sites all over Minnesota,"

"Well…you know, there are certain types of these things, not all construction sites use that kind of pipe."

"What are we looking for?"

"Anything peculiar." He huffs and gets out of the car. He takes in the blue sky, barren lot, and duel-colored portable office that sits solemnly in the muddy landscape. The site looks identical to how it looked then, down to the smell and the taste of wet dirt in the air. "Peculiar indeed…"

This is a brilliant recreation if it is one, absolutely brilliant. He's almost excited, in a sick way, for the big reveal and the stake in his heart.

But, by the time they're going through files, listening to that lady talk about them on the phone, a sense of wrongness, or rightness is starting to pool in Will's gut.
This is all just a little too perfect…even for a showman like Hannibal Lecter.

Belief that this is all Hannibal's big game is slowly unraveling, and Will finds his attention

centering back to what today actually is.
The day he kills Garret Jacob Hobbs.

Maybe he is in Hell, because that's certainly where that moment belongs.

"Garret Jacob Hobbs." He says sourly, the taste of the man's name is bitter on his tongue.

"He's on of our pipe threaders, those are all the resignation letters. Plumber's Union requires them whenever members finish a job."

They go through addresses, they discuss the differences, they discuss Abigal…

"Get his address, I want to pay him a visit." He blurts out, handing the file to Hannibal. Well, more like shoving, but who cares.

"Shouldn't we pack these files up first?" Hannibal questions.

"No-" He stops himself. He needs to think about this more clearly. Right now, it at least seems that only he knows Abigal is in danger, he needs to play this cool, 'I mean yes, but hurry, I'd like to catch him today."

He needs to catch him today. Suddenly it doesn't matter how this all happened or why. Suddenly, Hannibal is the least important person in the room and Abigal is the most.

Who cares if this already happened, if she's already dead, if Garret Jacob Hobbs is rotting in the ground.

Even if this is Hell, Will isn't a psychopath. He may be a horrible person but, he'll be damned if he lets that little girl die again. Even if he's walking into a Hannibal set trap, he still has to try.

They pack up, and they can't do it fast enough. Will is so focused on getting to her before it happens that he barely notices Hannibal drop the files, doesn't register that by allowing him to go off alone, he's allowing him to call Garret Jacob Hobbs.

Oh God, this must truly be Hell.

They don’t get there fast enough either. Despite Will’s speeding., his running up to the door, he doesn’t get there in time to prevent the mother’s death. she staggers out of the house throat coated in blood, and crashes to the floor back up. she writhes for a few moments, clutching her own throat in a vain attempt to stop her own demise.

He runs right past her, gun drawn and flings the door open. He catches Hobb’s before he can even get to his daughter who is screaming from the kitchen.
With the experience of five years, he sends two bullets directly into the back of the Cannibal’s head,  he flies forward, dead, before the knife can even graze Abigal’s skin. Before he can even tell her all those horrible things.

Garret Jacob Hobbs falls dead on his stomach, body lying halfway in the kitchen. Blood seeps and pools around him like a crimson sea, staining this place yet again.

Abigal screams, falling to the floor in terror and covering her ears with her hands.

Will just stares, at her shaking body, watches her cry under his gaze. He’s got the gun on her, he realizes much later and quickly shoves it back in it's holster. His hands go up behind his head in a show of surrender, of non-threat. “I-Its okay now…” He tries, but the shock of what just happened is sinking in.

None of this should be possible, none of this should have happened. But if this is Hell, then he shouldn’t have been able to save her, should he?

Hannibal comes in moments later, and Will looks back at him with wide eyes. He may be halfway to crazy, but Will knows for sure now that Hannibal has no idea about any of this. Because there is no way to bring a person back from the dead, and Will just killed Garret Jacob Hobbs for the second time.

It shouldn’t be possible but, it is.

Chapter End Notes

Me: Okay but what if Will actually had a good time? That's it, that's the story. -Sammie_dangerous

He's not having one yet but that's just the learning curve :) -Chaniis

# Prodigal Daughter

Chapter Summary

Will grapples with his situation and the choices he now has to make.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will takes a few days off. He informs John's Hopkins then turns his phone off, shuts his blinds, and locks all his doors. He even unplugs his computer, just in case. He almost shuts the lights off too but, unlike a dog, he can't see in the dark and he'd rather not trip and fall over something, or step on one of his dogs.

Three days are all he has before Jack comes banging down his door to drag him to Garrett Jacob Hobb's cabin in Gun Powder Falls. Three days to figure this whole mess the fuck out and collect his thoughts before they consume him.

After feeding his dogs, and checking over Winston, Will grabs some black coffee and sits down near his fire, not feeling well enough to spend energy igniting it.

He stares at its cold center and wishes the fire inside him could be so easily doused.

The events of yesterday are a blur, at best. Hannibal, Hobbs, Abigal…they all seem to flutter and mend together in his mind. He can barley remember what happened after the shooting either. He can vaguely recall Hannibal's voice, asking him to holster his firearm and step away from the body so the paramedics could look at it. He thinks Jack may have lead him to the ambulance for a shock blanket. The question of Whether or not he was okay had been on Jacks tongue, but hadn't made it past his lips. Jack didn't really care about the answer away, not when he'd gotten what he wanted out of his empath for hire.
Garrett Jacob Hobbs is dead, Will is pretty sure of that. And Abigal, this Abigal, had been brought out of the house not on a stretcher, but by the hand of a kind looking young blond woman. her mind is fucked, but her body is unmarred. She's a rose still, a rose soaked in the blood of innocents, but as uncrushed as the day before her father's death.

Will's pretty sure that makes her even more suspicious in Jack's mind.

And of course, all this leads back to *What. The. Fuck.*

He gets up from the floor, untouched coffee in hand, and begins pacing back and forth from armchairs to lure rig. the motion gives him something to ground himself to and counting steps has always been helpful.

One, two, three…

He still can't believe it and doesn't want to believe it. Did all that really happened? Or is this something his dying brain is making up to keep him entertained through the last seconds of life in freezing water? Logically he knows that's not the case. The detail has been too right, the events too exact to be a dream or hallucination. Hallucinations don't follow linear time like this did. And surely, if it's in his head, knowing that would snap him out of it.

Four, five, six…

That leaves some sort of Hell scenario. But, Will doesn't believe in that stuff. He supposes life would be easier if he believed that all the people he caught went to some sort of Hell after. But if there is a God, then why did people like Hannibal Lecter exist in the first place? Must be a shitty God. No, no one was punishing those people, that is Will's job.

Seven, eight, nine…

Which leaves one, unthinkable and impossible truth; time travel.

Something in Will seizes up at the thought. A pressure in his chest, eyes blurring at the edges of his vision. Cold hands curl around his heart and squeeze as if draining it in preperation for a meal.

No Delorean, no Doc Brown, and certainly no wacky hijinks involved. Just plain old, horrifying, time travel where no one knows what had happened but Will. Who is somehow the only Will here, even though it's time travel.

So a time reset? God, what the hell is any of this?

Eight, nine- wait no.

Eleven-

He stops where he is, suddenly feeling far too unbalanced to stand upright, let alone walk. The hand around the coffee mug shakes, sloshing brown liquid down onto the hardwood floors.

It…it isn't possible…

He backs himself up against the wall, letting the coffee mug drop when he loses his grip on it.

It shatters, spilling coffee and ceramic everywhere, and in the low light of early morning, it looks an awful lot like blood.

The blood of the Red Dragon, blood that stains his hands, settling in cracks so deep that an ocean of water could not wash them away.

Hannibal would have a little basin for Will to use, and call it done with.

He's going to be sick, he can feel it in the way his stomach turns and his head spins with tainted images of knives in flesh and human meat on fancy tables. A shudder runs through him, cold and black, turning to pins at his fingers and toes.

An inescapable veil of dread wraps itself tight around his torso, crushing everything in its path. He convinces himself that ripping his dark jacket and plaid button-up will help, it doesn't.

Doesn't…god where the hell is he?

His glasses clatter to the floor along with the fabric. In the process he catches some of his baby hairs.

He thinks

this is his house, it looks like his house but, it doesn't feel like it. Once upon a time, this land in Wolf Trap had been a home, a sanctuary. But that was before.

This is now the place where Hannibal made Mason Verger feed himself to his dogs. This is where Molly and Wally had almost been killed. This…this place was, will be, marred in so many ways…blood has been spilled here, and it covers everything he owns.

He has to leave, get outside for some fresh air before the walls come down around him. He jogs over to the door, nearly stepping on his only pair of glasses in the process, and reaches for the door handle. Only to freeze when he remembers that Hannibal could know where he lives.

If he's already met the bastard, then there's no way to know for sure that Hannibal doesn't know where he lives.

He could be outside right now waiting to kill Will for ruining his fun.

He almost jumps back from the door, then trips over nothing and losses his balance for real, toppling to the floor with a crack. For a moment he thinks he might have broken something but, no pain comes. What do come are his dogs, as fast as they can, coming to check to see if he's okay.

Fur and wet tongues, tails, and light barking all work to drag him back up. he sinks his fingers into their fur, letting himself laugh at the way they souround him. His dogs have always been this for him, they have always loved him enough so that he doesn't have to love himself. This time is no different.

He lays back down on the floor, lazily stroking whoever's closest until the fractures in his mind mend back together and he can bear to fully open his eyes.

~

The car ride is unbearably long, even for such a short trip He and Jack sit in relative silence, the only consistent sounds being that of turn signals and traffic. A carriage of death, he thinks, carrying him towards the beginning of what became his end.

He'd been this nervous the first time around too, barely answering Jack's halfhearted attempts to discuss the case, with one-word answers, before the both of them had given up. Now though, his anxiety is only heightened by the fact that Will knows where he's going, and what he'll face when he gets there.

He'll go to the cabin, talk some serial killer insight at Jack, and insist on Abigail's innocence. But this time, Will knows she's not innocent. The first time around, he'd been so sure that

she'd had nothing to do with it. He would have gone to his grave for that truth, he would have bet everything he had on it.

Now he has a choice to make.

He worries the armrest, picking at the fibers with blunted nails, and skin raw from chewing. He thinks about what he'll say. It's not unreasonable for him to just agree with Jack and start an investigation. Thanks to Will, Abigal isn't even in a medical hospital this time- she was shuffled right into a mental ward- so there's no healing time to pad the investigation, no broth to stew in.

They could have the whole thing, the whole case, moved along much faster if the FBI knew that Abigal was involved. The questions they could ask…the answers they could get…the people they could provide with closure…

Jack is like a shark to blood with suspects. Not much gets past him, and what does, doesn't get past Will.

And vice versa apparently.

Will goes through the facts, again, for the millionth time this car ride;

Abigail's traumatized, but not near death traumatized. A deer in the headlights, if you will, a narrowly missed kill.

She wasn't actually harmed, which might highlight her accomplice nature, and the FBI knows already that she came to the lodge with her dad, a lot.

Will also knows that Jack is not a man to ever give up on proving something he believes is true.

And Abigal, damn her, is the perfect suspect.

He sniffs, suddenly feeling all too hot, and undoes his seat belt so he can lean forward without it locking.

Should he have let Hobbs give her the alibi of a sliced throat? Or did the uncut throat help her

case? Would Jack see the villain in the princess quicker now that she wasn't covered in scars?

Will's so lost in thought that he doesn't notice when the car stops, only coming back to himself when Jacks bangs on the window with his customary, "We're here,"

The cabin calls him, threatens him. Its wooden walls ache hold and crush him. He steps out of the car.

The trees around them block out most of the midday sun, a reminder that dark shadows lurk in these walls. When Will enters the cabin, he still hasn't made up his mind on what he wants to tell Jack. He passes the dead dear, chained and ready for gutting, and the wolf's head that makes him angry by how much it looks like a dog.

He goes up the stairs on auto piolet, Jack close behind, and has to pause at the top step to prepare himself for what he's about to face.

Antlers will line this room like the ribcage of a girl. They will fuel his nightmares, encourage his encephalitis, and hunt his waking moments until both the Chesapeake Ripper and Garret Jacob Hobbs consume him. He could turn back now, fake some sort of breakdown, and leave this place. deem himself unfit for the case and leave it all at that.

But this is Will different than that Will. This Will has forgiven Hannibal, watched his own face surgery, became a double agent, been framed for crimes his therapist turned violent stalker type. committed, and gutted the Red Dragon in a beautiful dance alongside said man. This Will has been to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. This Will has embraced the devil himself and tangoed off the edge of the earth. This Will is no longer frightened by deer when there are much larger demons who pursue him.

He takes a deep breath, then crosses the threshold with a curse playing on his tongue.

"This could be a permanent installation in your Evil Minds Museum," he can't help but quip once his heart has calmed down to relatively normal. He shines his flashlight on a bloody antler and is once more reminded of dinner at Hannibal's.

He'd never thought human meat could taste that good…

"What we learn about Garret Jacob Hobb's will help us catch the next one like him. There's still seven bodies unaccounted for."

And they'll never be found, Will wants to say. "He was eating them," he says instead, thoughts still on Hannibal. Hannibal who caused this all, Hannibal who crafted each piece, who turned what must have started as a game into Will's waking nightmare.

Garrett Jacob Hobbs and Hannibal Lecter should share this installation. Their rooms, Hannibal's wing, and Hobb's room more like, should be forever intertwined. Their crossing paths immortalized in bone.

"There had to be some parts he wasn't eating," Jack says, and Will blinks out of his stupor, surprised to find a dimly lit crime scene rather than a shrine to great precision.

"Not necessarily…" He was honoring every part of them, he and Abigal both.

Jack thinks for a moment, then says, "Well what if Hobb's wasn't eating alone? It's a lot of work; disappearing these girls, buttering them, and then not leaving a shred of anything other than what's in this room."

Here it comes…

"Someone that he hunted with?" He tries to add more disbelief to his voice, to dissuade Jack from saying…

"Someone mentally unstable, who also happened to be someone he hunted with."

To defend Abigal or not to defend Abigal, that is the question;

On one hand, another innocent might die, on the other…

"Abigal didn't do it, Jack."

He can't turn her in, even after everything. Even if she is a killer. Her father was the killer, Abigal was more of a…puppet? No, that doesn't seem right. Abigal was…an accomplice at best. And, objectively, Will should see her as just as vile and disgusting as everyone else soon would. But Will's empathy disorder stretches far beyond just understanding…he can see the beauty in every kill. The elegance, the grace, or lack thereof…the purpose.

Abigal honored every part of them, save for Nicholas Boyle, Abigal is…

Well, if he can forgive Hannibal’s atrocities. Forgive him for Beverly, for hiding an illness, for his wife and son, for framing him. If Will can forgive all that, if they could slay the Red Dragon together, then Will can forgive Abigal for so much less than Hannibal has ever done.

No matter how fucked up that is.

~

The night, Will Grahm dreams of his imagined centerpiece. On one side, a room full of hunting materials, deer antlers, and the mess that comes of gutting a freshly dead kill. The other; a library of medical and psychiatric knowledge; a surgeon's table, and an elegance that overwhelms the senses. They are one and the same, split down the middle by the hunting cabin.

Then, there at the center, is Will. The antlers form a cage around him, glued shut with black tar, freshly applied. From in the ribcage, his heart beats loud, the sound of blood pumping through veins drowning out his cries.

Garret Jacob Hobbs and Hannibal Lecter; the ones who facilitated his Becoming.

The ones who he now has to contend with all over again.

Tourists fill the room in droves, and Will calls out to each of them over the chatter, begging to be let out as the cage shrinks around him with a promise to kill. To minimize him like Hannibal had, to suffocate him like Hobbs.

They barely even spare him a glance. Much more fascinated with wax sculptures of Lecter and Hobbs to pay Will any attention. Among them are faces he knows; Beverly, clear lines run down her body where Hannibal cut her. Price and Zeller stand beside her, and they laugh at something Will can’t hear.

Alana, with his dogs, and Merriam Lass, though she’s missing both arms this time.

Jack strolls up to the cage, the only one to acknowledge Will head-on, and meets his eyes. Will reaches out through the bones, eyes pleading for assistance before he’s crushed to death and it becomes too late.

The man only shakes his head, and Will can read the haunted expression in Jack's eyes. He couldn’t save him, couldn’t stop him. if only Will had been more careful, if only he hadn’t pushed himself too far.

If only he hadn’t jumped.

Will tries to scream again, but his mouth won't open and his limbs won't bend. He’s sticky, covered in something hard. His beating heart stills, his blood ceases to rush. In the clamor of the room, and through Jacks eyes, Will realizes something;

This body is already dead.

Chapter End Notes

We sat down over the past couple weeks and gave this some attetion, now theres this :) Hope you enjoyed it and thanks for all the Kudos and comments so far! -Chaniis

The fuck show has just begun and its only gonna get crazier - Sammie_dangerous

# Serpent Wounded

Chapter Summary

Will GETS a real therapist :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is back to work after they drive back home. He has to go back, or people are going to get suspicious. People meaning Jack and Alana, and maybe Hannibal
Will had to remind himself that Hannibal doesn't know him yet. But he will, there's no doubt about that.

On cue, Alana shows up. She's here to recommend Hannibal Lecter for a psyche evaluation.

Seeing Alana for the first time is…complicated. Almost more complicated than seeing Hannibal.

Alana, this Alana, is currently Will's only friend. This Alana loves him, platonically or sexually, it doesn't really matter. This Alana hasn't taken Hannibal's side yet or allowed Will to be locked in the BSHCI.

But Will knows that she's capable of all those things…and even if she hasn't done them yet. So she's slightly tarnished for Will now. Can he rebuild a relationship with a person who doesn't know what she's done? Does he even want to try?

"Will? Will, are you in there?"

Alana waves a hand in front of his face until he finally blinks back to reality, posture straightening with awareness.

"Oh uh…hi" he stumbles out, eyes darting to her red skirt, then black belt and black and white top on repeat. His left hand taps the top of his desk while the right worries the fabric of his coat There's a lump in his throat the size of America.

She’s concerned, he can feel it, so it’s no surprise when she says; “How are you, Will?

Awful, confused, I feel like I’m dreaming…he wants to tell her those things, but she’ll absolutely send him to a ward if he does.

With an awkward halfhearted laugh he answers, “I-I don’t know…honestly” It better to go with something non-incriminating, something believable after he just shot a man dead.

She hums, obviously making a mental note of just how “I don’t know” Will looks.

That’s when he remembers Jack is coming.

“This is an ambush…right?”

She barely has time to ramble on about when it will become an ambush before Jack strolls in, powerful and commanding, “How was class?”

He turns to gather his things, “They clapped, I hated it.”

He hated it because, for the first time, he was actually a little proud of what he’d done. Garret Jacob Hobb’s was dead and could kill no more. This version of Will wanted to be happy about that.

“Well you shouldn’t,” Jack answers as Will turns around, “You’re up for a commendation,”

He shrugs. That part he still doesn’t want. Stopping evil isn’t heroic, it's necessary.

“And they’ve okayed active return to the field.”

“Question is, do you want to go back to the field?”

In that moment, Alana looking at him with her friendly, slightly evaluative but all in all well-meaning face, Will allows himself to remember what he always liked about her. And, to be thankful for her support, both through the past and what was to come.

He gives her a small smile. Maybe forgiving her would be easier if they could have more moments like this…

“I want him back in the field,” Jack snaps, ruining the moment. Alana scowls at him but he continues, unbothered, “And I told the board I’m recommending a psych eval.”

“With who? Hannibal Lecter?” the words are icy on his tongue, “Can’t be Alana, can it?”

“No, Dr. Lecter is a better fit,”

“Your relationship with him isn’t personal,” Alana tacks on.

Will has to stifle a laugh. He and Hannibal are as personal as it's going to get.

“Of course…if you are more comfortable with me, that can certainly be arranged,”

“I don’t want a psyche eval from anyone,” He insists, shoving papers into his briefcase, “I don’t even want to return to active duty.”

Alana gives Jack a murderous look.

Jack huffs, “I know that’s not true.”

“Oh trust me, it is,” he turns to leave but Jack grabs him by the bicep, “Listen-"

Will jerks away like the touch will poison him. Hannibal notwithstanding, he still hates physical contact.

Hates it with Hannibal, hates it even more with Jack.

Jack doesn’t apologize, he just says more intensely, “Listen-"

“Jack-"

“Quiet, Alana.”

“Jack I don’t want to-"

"People are dying, Will, you’ve seen it, you know it. And with what just happened you can’t tell me you’d rather sit in here and teach about murder rather than stopping it.”

That old hand, always a royal flush. Intense guilt washes over Will. Not only does he know there will be other murders, but he knows who will do them and when they’ll do them.

Goddamnit.

“You’re the best man we’ve got for these kinds of things,” He gestures to Will’s projector, “Do you really want to live with the guilt of knowing you could have stopped it but didn’t?”

“Jack!”

“I-It’s okay, Alana...” He mumbles, eyes going from floor to desk to seats, gathering up the courage to agree.

“So that’s a yes?” Jack demands.

“Fine.” Will seethes, then backs away, “I’ll do the eventuation, It’s a formality anyway.” He lets his hate for Jack show in his voice, then stomps out before Jack can deny it.

~

He goes shopping at Whole Foods for a few dogfood making essentials; and some microwave dinners for himself. His pallet has never really been refined, most days a quick hunter’s meal or something of the sort will do. And with everything going on right now, he just wants something easy.

He’s caught between two brands of chicken when someone bumps their cart into him, and he almost flies out of his skin. He whips around, wide-eyed, to face a golden-haired man, most likely mid-forties, and tanned to hell and back. He’s got on this deep blue suit that reminds Will of fishing on open water.

“Sorry bro!”

The tenor of his voice is not at all what Will is expecting, but it kinda fits.

“O-Oh it’s alright…” He smooths his own suite out and tries to turn back to the chicken, but the man says,

“Hey, aren’t you Will Graham? From the news?”

Will freezes. *Of course* he’s on the news…and of course, this man has seen him. the thought of who else might have seen him sends a wave of panic through Will. A memory of his face plastered around, the world calling him the Ripper, flashes across his vision. Will hates being known…

“You are, I’d recognize that face anywhere,”

He fumbles around for the right words, but the man just keeps on talking,

“That was pretty cool what you did there, I don’t think I’d have the guts-"

“Uhuh,” Will abandons the chicken and grabs his cart. He starts to walk away, the man walks with him,

“I’m Dr. Castor, its great to meet you, Dr. Graham,”

“Uhuh.”

A few seconds of walking go by in silence and Will hopes that that’ll turn the man away, it doesn’t.

“So what are you shopping for?”

“Food,” he doesn’t know why he answers, maybe it’s auto-piolet as his mind spins a mile a minute trying not to think of the BSHCI.

He pulls some ground beef off the shelf. He can feel Castor scanning his cart.

“Organic chicken and microwave meals? Odd combo,”

“Yeah, well the good stuff’s for my dogs,” please go away, please…

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Castor grin, bright and full of blinding white, straight teeth. “I love dogs, I had one when I was a kid…he lived fourteen years before cancer got him,”

Something in Will twinges, it’s been a long time since he’s had a casual conversation, and he never gets to talk about dogs. Just the thought of the animals soothes his growing anxiety. “What was his name?”

“Apollo,” He chuckles, “I was obsessed with Greek mythology in grade school,”

A smile twinges at the corners of Will’s mouth, “I’ve got six,” He reaches into his wallet to pull out the out-of-focus picture he’d managed to get of all of them. He shows Castor and lists of their names, “And that ones new, he’s Winston.”

“Shelter dogs, good for you man, way too many people shop breeder or-"

“Or puppy mills, right?” Excitement, completely unfounded and ridiculous bubbles up in him, “I know, it sickens me. But they’re actually not shelter dogs, I pick up strays,”

Castor’s smile widens, then his face gets a serious air to it, “I knew I sensed something in you. People who pick up strays are usually looking for someone to come and save them. It’s a way of reaching out and- Oh my God I am so sorry,” he bites his lip and looks down, embarrassed, “I’m a Dr. of psychology, habits run deep.”
Will laughs nervously, not really too pleased with the accurate description of himself that this random stranger picked up. His anxiety hits him again, the magic of their moment dying out under Castor’s intelligent gaze.

Castor runs a hand through his hair and looks up again “Ugh, God again, really sorry…”

“Its uh…fine…” Its not. “But I have to check out now so-“

“Wait, before you go,” Castor pulls out a business card and hands it to Will, “I can see some

darkness in you, Dr. Graham, if you're ever looking for a therapist, my rates are flexible for heroes."

Will takes it without much thought and shoves it into his back pocket, "Yeah…like I said, gotta go."

Castor finally, finally leaves to let Will finish his shopping in peace.

~

He stands in front of the gates of hell. Hannibal's waiting room is stark, clean. Totally empty of emotion or any sort of desire to comfort. It's the mark of a madman.

Why is he even here? He'd accepted the psych eval to get back into the field, but why did it have to be Hannibal? Why didn't he make Jack find another psychiatrist to give him the go-ahead? Isn't this opening the flood gates once again?

Or maybe Will needs to open them, to keep an eye on Hanibal Lecter's ocean of future destruction.

He's still trying to convince himself that this is a good idea when the devil himself opens the door, "Hello Will, come in,"

The first thing he notices is just how far apart the black chairs are. Miles and miles apart, across the ocean of the blue carpet. The room is as neat as the waiting room is. Everything, even the items on the Chesapeake Ripper's desk scream façade. The façade of care, of friendship, of perfection. It's a carefully constructed mask, person suite, or whatever. Dr. Lecter like the way he arranges his furniture, or the meticulous sorting of his books, is a persona, a body he hides Hannibal behind.

This place has all the hallmarks of a psychopath's space, how the hell had Will not seen it before?

"Would you like some water, Will?" Hannibal reaches for a pitcher.

"*It's Dr. Grahm*, lets keep this thing professional."

He never minded Will before, but this time he wants to set the expectation that the two are equals in some way. Will doesn't want to be Hannibal's Friend.

For a teeny tiny moment, Will see's Hannibal falter, then his "person suit" is back on and he says, "Would you like some water, Dr. Graham?"

"No thank you," he retreats up the ladder to superficially look at the books, away from Hannibal's reach.

Hannibal suppresses something and goes over to his desk to retrieve Will's rubber stamp.

"That my evaluation?" he doesn't look away from the books this time, choosing to run his finger along the spines, mindlessly pulling one out a quarter of an inch and not putting it back.

"Indeed, you're totally functional and more or less sane. Well done,"

"A rubber stamp, very professional," he does it again, this time a book on the genealogy of root vegetables.

"You want to work in the field, Jack needs you confirmed okay to work in the field, this is the best option,"

"So now we can have a conversion without all that tedious paperwork?"

Hannibal smiles, predatory, "Exactly,"

"Jack thinks I need therapy, what's your professional opinion on that, Dr. Lecter?" He can't help that it comes out amused.

"I think you need a way out of dark places when Jack sends you there,"

"Yeah…" Wills rolls that over in his mind, runs a finger along the spine of a book about the heart, then mumbles, "The last time I went into a dark place, something followed me home,"

Here he's talking about Hannibal, of course, and the suffocating darkness the man has swaddled Will in. Even now it tuns inside him, a desire to turn, to become. He looks back over at Hannibal, a disdainful look swirling in his eyes.

The man looks back up from his circle of hell, a carefully neutral expression on his face. He smooths out the waist of his dark green suit and straightens the brown tie. "A surrogate daughter, yes?" He muses, walking over to his desk to place Will's fake file in its proper place. Everything has a proper place here…

It's so strange to see him like this, dressed in normal clothes, with nice hair and a rested face. It's a sight that both chills and welcomes Will into its presence.

One things for certain, Hannibal was never meant to be behind bars.

"You saved Abigal Hobb's life, and you also orphaned her," Hannibal turns back toward Will with a glint in his eyes, "that comes with certain emotional obligations, regardless of empathy disorders."

This is the moment, if Will remembers correctly, where Hannibal had first attempted to bind himself with Will. He'd used their shared experience to forge a connection, and Will had fallen for it like Icarus and the sun. Hannibal's mask of light blinding Will to the sea of darkness rooted in his soul.

"I didn't just orphan her," Will grinds out, as though ending Garret Jacob Hobb's life is in any way troubling to him.

"No, you did not," Hannibal observes, approaching the ladder, "But regardless of your methodology, you must admit that you have tangled yourself in her life. She will want to speak with you once her doctor's okay visitors."

"And will you be joining me on these visits?"

"Of course, I held her on our way to the hospital, Will, there is obligation there as well." He turns on his heel to walk to the center of the room, "I find myself awake at night wishing I could have done more. Saved her mother perhaps? I can only be grateful that you were there to keep her from harm."

Of course, Hannibal had held her, what better way to induce dependency than to be there in

someone's hour of need.

Phantom hands bush against his cheeks and cradle him close, arms enclose him, and lips mutter awe into the surrounding blackness. Will flinches them away, and pushes out, "What's your opinion on Jack saying she helped kill those girls?"

Hannibal scowls, but its fake, he knows Abigal did and probably loves her for it, "I think it's vulgar but, entirely too possible."

"No," Will insists, sticking to his desire to protect her for as long as he can, "she didn't, that's not what happened."

"And you know that for certain?" Hannibal asks "Because I do not believe Agent Crawford sees it that way."

"Well I don't care what Jack thinks, I know Abigal is innocent."

That makes Hannibal think for a moment. He looks at Will, then around the room before saying, "We shall see,"

"When we go see her together? Is this therapy or a support group, Dr. Lecter?"

"It is whatever you need it to be, Dr. Graham."

Whatever I need it to be… he could almost laugh at the irony of that. This is what Hannibal; wants it to be, through and through.

They say goodbye, Will can't get out of there fast enough, and on the drive home, his mind can't help but replay the encounter, examining it in a whole new light.

Hannibal is no longer the mystery he once was. Years of their entanglement have left Will somewhat of an expert on the monster's mind, enough to know how to kill him at least. Now, he's kicking himself for being deceived all those years ago. Hannibal's sheep costume might have been good, but Will was a professional wolf hunter, he should have seen.

He pulls into his driveway, a smile making its way onto his face at the sound of his dogs barking a welcome.

He slips out and into the house, getting down onto the floor to let them topple him.

"What a day…" He mumbles to Winston, then chuckles when the dog licks his chin.

Getting up, he makes his way over to the kitchen to prepare their dinner and to pop a microwave meal in the oven for himself.

On the counter next to the knives sits the gold and white business card Dr. Castor had given him. Will hasn't given it much of a look over yet, only enough to find out that Castor's first name is Adien. He brushes it aside to make room for the cutting board.

The first time he'd held a knife after the fall had been difficult. The sensation of cutting into beef all to like stabbing a living, breathing human.

Worst of all was the rush it had induced, and the subsequent guilt at the rush. Now it was a little better, if Will didn't think too hard about what he was chopping up. It was hard to imagine Hannibal being able to not only kill but remove and cook human organs, at least the thought of that still made Will sick.

Sighing, he looks back over at the business card. These were things that therapy was supposed to help with…

But therapy doesn't really work in Will anyways, so he brushes the thought aside.

He feeds his dogs, then grabs his own meal to eat outside while he watches them run around.

The night air is cool against his cheeks, a sharp autumn breeze stinging theme ever so slightly. He sits in the porch steps, beneath the soft glow of the porch light and the moon. He watches them run around, never quite leaving his sight. They bound and leap through the grass, skid into each other and roll on the dirt without a care in the world. These dogs haven't eaten bits of Mason Verger yet. Unlike Will, they are unchanged from the selves they had become, they remember none of the atrocities of the past five years. His dogs, as always, are pure, clean as holy water. Will feels as if his blood-stained hands will taint them, yet he cannot pull himself away.

Before long, his food has grown cold, and the night air sends a shiver through him. With a sigh, he gets up, leaving the abandoned tray on the porch, and walks out into the night. He

doesn't want to go to bed yet and face more demons. At least the chill of the air reminds him that he is alive.

His dogs around him like sheep to a Sheppard, but he's no David. He's no Goliath either, that honor belongs to Hannibal himself.

"I thought I could defeat him," Will mumbles, bending down to pet Winston behind the ears. He could have, should have done so. But, in the end, Il Mostro was too much even for him.

"Why didn't I…try harder?" He finds himself asking his dogs. Would it have been so hard to turn the man in, to be the good guy, the hero? To empathize with the Devil is to become his protector, and Will had fiddled his way down to Hell, tangled up in the musical embrace of a nightmare.

Now he can't sleep, for fear of hearing the tune again.

He sits down in the grass, suddenly overwhelmed by the weight of his world. His dogs comfort him, but they cannot do much more than that.

There are so many words in Will's head, so many events left unspoken and uncomforted. Now they may never be. If the pair had survived the fall, Will would have been forced to speak to Hannibal, and if they had died then that was that. There wasn't supposed to have been a third option…

If Will is to accept that this present truly is a reset in time, then he has to accept that Hannibal has not done all those things…and so the answers Will is searching for have not even been posed as questions…yet.

And if Will follows along with Hanibal, becomes his patient again, will the Doctor stop him from getting treatment? Will he attempt to hide Will from the truth of his pain?

And what about Will's other demons, who cannot be spoken aloud to the very root cause of them himself.

He remembers the card on the table; and Adien Castor's warm, inviting smile. He had said he was a therapist…would therapy even work on Will? It might if he allowed it to? And he can't just talk to his dogs forever, can he?

Honestly, he can't believe he's actually considering it. He's never desired therapy before, and he's not even sure why he would want to. Why would anyone want to share their secrets and fears to a functional stranger…

Or maybe that was the appeal? A no-strings-attached advice session? Will could sure use one of those right now.

Will gets up, calling his dogs after him, and climbs the steps back into his house. He can't believe he's about to do this, but what choice does he have? Dr. Castor is weird and way too friendly for Will's liking, but the man is also smart, Will can tell. And a normal person like Alana won't do, Will doesn't jive with normal. *Castor* he might be able to handle…and Castor might be able to handle Will and the metaphors he'll have to make up to describe his and Hannibal's situation.
Even if the doctor is the human equivalent of driving on the wrong side of the road.

He picks up the card and his phone with shaky hands, takes a deep breath, and dials the number. It's late, the man probably won't even answer

Please don't answer…

"You've reached Doctor Castor's office, how may I help you?"

The voice is bright, cheery, and way too tenor to seem natural. Weirder still, Castor has picked up the phone himself.

"Uh…hi…" Will coughs awkwardly, biting his bottom lip. His heart is beating out of this chest now and he feels like he might be sick.

"Hello?" Castor says again, still as cheery.

Come on Will, you can do this…

"H-Hi…he stammers out again, his left eye twitches, "T-T-This is…uh…Dr. Graham…I uh…"

He can practically feel Castor's grin through the phone, "Will, I was hoping you might call,"

Will laughs awkwardly, shifting from left to right then back again, “H-H-Have anything open Friday…late…I-I work…”

“Sure thing, how’s Nine PM?”

Will can scarcely believe it, and a new wave of anxiety washes over him, “T-That’s…fine…”

The line is silent for a few minutes, then Castor says, “I’ve got you penciled in, but come as late as you’d like, I hardly go to bed before two.”

What an odd thing to say, but strangely, it doesn’t feel strange to Will at all.

Chapter End Notes

Let's get this ball rolling- Chaniis

Ghee I wonder who the therapist is ;) - Sammie

# Let There Be...

Chapter Summary

Will spends an evening with Dr. Castor, which leads to a revelation that changes his life.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! We're sorry for the long hiatus. We hope you enjoy the new chapter! And thank you for all the comments and Kudos!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This is a bad idea, a horrible one actually but, it's too late now. Will's hands grip the sides of his steering wheel so hard that he could crush it under his white knuckles. His turns are jerky, his vision un-focusing and refocusing ever so often, making it even harder to see the dark road ahead.

A week ago, this had all seemed very grand, very needed. In truth, it is needed desperately. But Will has never been susceptible to logic. The urge to yank the car back around and speed back to the safety of his home is overwhelming. It would be so easy too…to just call Castor, say he made a mistake, and forget the whole thing. Will doesn't need another problem, another potential villain trying to mess with his mind. Not that Castor is any of those things but, he could be.

Could be a Hannibal, a Chilton, even a Jack.

Or he could be an Alana or Beverly, but Will's never been lucky either.

The GPS reads three minutes until he reaches his destination, his stomach twists painfully into tighter knots, his fingers are numb from gripping the wheel too firmly.

He pulls into the empty parking lot and jerks to a stop directly in front of the glittering sign of Dr. Castor's building. It's called Sunshine Therapy; Will might throw up.

He glances at the time; 9:10. He's late already, having taken the wrong exit, and doubling back once before mustering up the courage to continue forward…

He could still leave.

Will puts the car into reverse and presses down on the break, just in case.

His fingers tap the steering wheel restlessly and his foot plays on and off the break, his car inching backward each time.

‘I don’t want to do this,’ he mumbles a few times; his teeth worry his bottom lip, tearing off bits of dead skin from the last time.

Images of Hannibal fill his head; the metallic scent of blood mixes with a fresh roast or hors d’oeuvres. The starkness of his office, the particularity of his dress…the way it had felt to kill with him.

They had fallen into the icy water below, he remembered how it felt to have your lugs fill water. To be dragged from the black surface into an even blacker below…

With a gasp, his eyes shoot open – had they been closed? – and he slams the car into park. Will practically leaps out of it, his whole body, but mostly his hands, tremoring.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He grabs fistfuls of his own hair and tugs. He paces along his car, taking deep breaths to calm himself down. It doesn’t work so he kicks the side of his car until his foot *aches.* He slams his back against the car door and cranes his neck up to the sky.

The night is cool and dark, but not dark enough to see the stars like it is in Wolf Trapp. he always hated that about the city. Nevertheless, it's big. It’s big enough to make him feel small enough to remember where he is; a therapist's parking lot in Philadelphia, far away from Hannibal and his influence.

He can do this.

Will takes a deep, shuttering breath. “You need this,” he mumbles, taking a shaky step, then another, and another, towards the office door.

“It’ll be okay,” he tells himself as he staggers up the paved path, surrounded by purple and blue hyacinths, it has to be okay.

Then he’s in front of the door, deep purple to match the flowers, with a sun-themed iron knocker, and he just…freezes.

He’s frozen before, but this…this is different. The fear, the anxiety, and the deep unwillingness to step foot on this plot of land, all slip away as icy dread sinks into Will's skin. He wants to go in, he’s psyched himself up too and he’s ready, but he can’t seem to muster the will to raise his fist. Even his breathing, which was just ragged and hard, slows as if he’s holding his breath to save his life.

*‘Just knock’* he tells himself, *‘it’s so easy, just knock’*

He doesn’t get the chance, the door swings inward, revealing a grinning Dr. Castor. He wears a deep blue three-piece suit, with golden cuff links and matching watch. It’s ironed to perfection, and there’s not a hair out of place on his head. Will’s stomach does a barrel roll, the fear races right back into him and he jumps back, almost tripping over his own feet.

The man just smiles, “Hi Will, come on in,”

~

Instantly, this place is different from Hannibal's. Where's Hannibal leaks icy perfection, Dr. Castor's office is warm, bright, and most importantly colorful. Golden curtains from twin windows, an almost royal blue couch resides close to a matching armchair. The coffee table is set up with two glasses of water; on crème coasters, a little bowl of dried fruit sits in the center. The walnut desk is ornate, and decorated with two house plants; others sit behind the gold, and his papers are settled in a neurotic, but friendly way. He has art; sunrises, ocean schemes, forests, and his bookshelf sits between twin pots of bamboo which reach to the ceiling with distinct *life.*

The room is unlike anywhere he's ever been, certainly, it contains more warmth than all the therapists he's ever met, combined.

He doesn't notice he's staring, mouth open, until Castor, closing the door behind them, comments; "Not what you were expecting?"

Again, Will jumps out of his skin, "N-No I-"

"Relax," Castor crosses the space to pick up a clipboard and sheet of paper, "no need to explain, I know how the FBI can be,"

Will lets his mouth fall shut, but he doesn't move, even when Castor sits on the armchair.

"You can stand if you want," the doctor crosses one leg over the other and leans back, "but I think it's easier to talk when we're on the same level," He gestures to the couch with his ballpoint pen.

"R-Right" Will stutters, awkwardly making it over to the seat and perching on it, as far away from Castor as possible. He fights the urge to fidget but clasps both his hands together.

"When you called you sounded frantic," the doctor begins.

Will shrugs, twisting his hands together, "I'm often frantic…comes with the job,"

"Certainly…" his presses his lips together and writes something on the clip bored.

Will eyes it and clamps his teeth down to keep from asking Castor to stop. Real therapists write things.

"Tell me about your week," the doctor asks.

"Why?" it comes out a bit too sharply; Will is all wound up.

"So, I can get a feel of how you are, what you might be running into on the day-to-day."

Will chuckles, some of the tension releases. “There is an absence of the day-to-day in my life, doctor.

He smiles openly, “Tell me about that then.”

*Will knew what today was as soon as Jack called. How could he forget? Even on the drive there he could smell it; the forest the dampness, the rot. The mushroom people, all murdered In the name of connections, of forming a collective consciousness. But it’s not the man who’s stirring dread in him, he’s met far worse than the likes of Eldon. It’s the thought that he’ll have to recreate this day, and what he’ll have to do.*

*He’s never enjoyed going into the minds of killers. The feeling of a total takeover of your body, your senses, your mind, it’s always a fight to come back to how he was before. But that’s not getting him either.*

“I have felt…” he tells Castor, “ like I’m putting on a mask- no, like I must put on a mask in order to hold onto a semblance of the day-to-day.”

*“Welcome back,” Jack jokes, and wanders off, leaving Will alone to work.*

*He stands there; staring at uncovered bodies riddled with fungi, the smell is something else entirely, and realizes he doesn’t have to go in. He knows who did this, knows their motives, face and name, he doesn’t need to go back into this killer’s mind to find him, he already has.*

*But he can’t just stand here, can he? All eyes open, hands in his pockets. He has to pretend and…well he doesn’t know what he’s supposed to be pretending to do.*

“A mask? What sort of mask?”

Will sighs, his hands tighten in each other’s grasp, “I…I’m not sure…not like I’m pretending to be anything…more like I’ve lost the part of myself that knows how to act.”

*He closes his eyes and tilts his head up. Does he move during it? Sometimes he ends up in a different spot than where he started with no idea how he got there. This is a purely mental exercise, one he sees vividly, even senses like he was actually there. But, for how long? And is anyone actually watching him?*

*He doesn’t risk a glance back, lest someone is.*

*Freddie Lounds might be, but she is the least of Will’s problems.*

“Knows how to act?” Castor questions.

“Like what was familiar is suddenly strange, but only I notice. Everyone else…”

“Everyone else is just going through the motions?” Castor put his pen down. “Sort of like they know their lines and you don’t?”

Will’s lips turn up. “Y-You could say that.” his hands have traveled to bunch the sides of his jeans and worry them between his fingers. “Just the other day, at work…f-for example…” he

trails off, not entirely sure how to put this.

*The best option is just not to move, so that's what he does. But it's nerve-wracking to do that, stand there; it's almost like he's asking to be caught in a lie…*

"Go one," Castor encourages as if he has any idea how tricky this Will be to say.

Will swallows an invisible lump. 'I just felt…uh…out of place, you know?"

"Mm."

Will squirms in his seat. "When I get to a crime scene, I usually know exactly what to do-" he stops himself. "Uh…do you know what it is that I do?"

"I have read an article or two before, yes."

"Freddie Lounds." Will wrinkles his nose.

Castor's face is similar. 'I assure you, I did not take what she said to heart."

Will doesn't really believe him, but he supposes that if Castor thought he was dangerous or insane, he wouldn't have let him come here. Will really doesn't get that vibe from the man, not like he does for Hannibal or any other killer, manipulator, or serial killer.

"This time just felt strange, you know?" he picks at a loose thread from his pocket. "Maybe I'm just out of practice but…"

"It's normal to have days or even weeks where you feel off, it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I don't know if I'm ashamed," he counters, "I just don't like feeling so detached from my life."

*To try and distract himself from his rapidly accelerating heart rate, Will tries to think about the pharmacist that put all these people here. Will they get him this time now that the variables have been muddled up? Abigale, for one, is no longer in the hospital so finding him might be a problem…*

*Then again, Will did read his case file, he knows a few things he didn't know before.*

*What will it be like, he wonders, this time around? Will it be like stopping Hobbs? He can only hope…*

*Will sighs and opens his eyes just in time to see one of the buried gasp back to life.*

"The case even went well, really well actually, but the whole time I just didn't feel like me."

"Even though you solved it like you used to."

"Especially because of that, actually."

*It was true, it had gone so smoothly that Will had felt uncomfortable.*

*He had been back in the autopsy room with Beverly, Brian, and Jimmy, and he had mentioned diabetes without really thinking about it, and he'd mentioned it a lot sooner than he had before.*

Hey, wait…

*From there the pieces had nearly fallen into place before Will's feet. He'd been so caught up in coming to "conclusions" that he hadn't noticed, and wouldn't until he was sitting across from a psychologist, talking about it.*

*Will knew, after all, knew who Stammets was, remembered the information from the police reports. He had addresses, various locations drawn from interviews, and some familial stuff, that told Will exactly where he might go. Finding him at his mother's house was like shooting Hobbs…*

"Maybe I'm not thinking about this right." He blurts out, eyes lighting up.

Castor leans forward. "Explain."

Will's laugh is jerky, but gleeful nonetheless. "Just that maybe it's the other way around."

Right? Because Will stopped Stammet's before he could hurt anyone else. Especially Abigale because…because…

Oh

Because there was no Abigale for him to hurt. Because Will had shot Hobbs immediately

Because Will had known; he had known!

"What I mean is," he elaborates before Castor has a chance to ask, "Is that lately I've been seeing things a little differently like I said, but I think I've been seeing them *clearer*."

Castor just nods his encouragement.

"It's like…like I've been doing more right things than wrong. Like it's been easier to…" he tries to find the words. "What I mean is that I'm surer of myself…which is…whoo." He makes a spinning motion with his finger. "That's really strange for me, I think it's messing me up a bit, to be honest."

"And you think it could be this change that's making you feel as if you're wearing a mask?"

"If you knew me, you'd get it." Will's hands are back together, but he's not gripping them as tightly as before. "I feel better, Dr. Or at least I'm doing better. Maybe this mask is more of a…a becoming." He can't help but chuckle at the words. He likes this version of transformation better.

Castor smiles briefly and checks his watch. "I'm glad to hear it, Will." He stands, signaling the session is over which is fine, Will needs a breather. "I want you to think on that in the

time between sessions. And I'd like to see you back in my office in say, a week from now, same time?"

He only has to consider it briefly. It had been…really nice to just talk about his day, his job, the Stammets case without having someone basically harvesting every negative emotion he felt for later use. Maybe he could do this again, maybe it would help focus him in this new, bizarre life.

"One week," he agrees.

~

He leaves Dr. Castor's feeling an emotion he's never felt before; self-assuredness. After all, if he had stopped the thing that had started that past him's problems in the first place, then what else might he be able to do?

Certainly not go to BSHCI, or get tangled in Hannibal's ideas for Will's life.

He stands outside for a moment, taking in the night as a new person. The sky is as open as ever, the fall air just as cool, but even the city he hates seems better now. Behind closed eyes he imagines *not* going insane, *not* falling for a monster's traps, *not* being accused of a crime he didn't commit.

It's a good feeling, a really good feeling.

He gets into his car and runs his hands over the steering wheel. It seems almost new to him, as does everything else.

New life, new chances. Will's never been religious, but this…event seems like a miracle now.

He could even go get his head checked out by a real doctor too. Just to catch the encephalitis before it gets noticeable. That is if he's even developing it at all.

The car hums to life, the vibrations sparking electricity on his fingertips. Is this what Hannibal feels like all the time? Powerful, in control, *alive?*

No wonder he can do what he does.

He drives for a while, soaking up this new identity, basking in the glow that power brings.

At a red light, he realizes that there are rain clouds on even the brightest days. He'll have to keep seeing Hannibal, for one.

Will is happy, not stupid; he knows the Cannibal doesn't take kindly to rejection, and he's smarter than most. Somehow, some way, Will knows that if he cuts contact, Hannibal will know something is up. The last thing Will wants to do is invite *that* conversation.

How would it even go? "Hey Hannibal…so I'm actually from the future, and I know what kind of fucked up stuff you want to do to me, so I think it'd be better if we didn't see each other anymore."

Yeah, he'd either get eaten or admitted to the BSHCI and put at the mercy of Dr. Chilton.

Keep seeing Hannibal it is.

He merges onto the highway and turns the radio on, switching through stations until he gets to Jaz. The sound fills up the empty space between him and his thoughts. He hums along to the music and taps out the rhythm.

He can't help but wander though, to the different ways he could ruin Hannibal's plans.

Abigale will live, for one thing, and she will not murder that boy…Nicholas Boyle. But that's just a start now that Will is in control.

There will be no becoming, that he's sure off. Whatever was in the future, is the past now, and Will refuses to bend to a Cannibals will.

He's just pulling up to his driveway when he has a sudden, slightly funny thought.

He could even catch the Ripper and give Hannibal hell in the process.

Chapter End Notes

Here's where it gets funny ;) - Sammi

Ita time for Will to have fun :) - Chaniis

# A Slingshot Loaded with Wit

Chapter Summary

Will tests the waters with the first stage of his plan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is Hannibal's office, sitting on the couch that rests against one of his ugly red walls.

He picked the lock to get in here first – a half hour before his session starts and has been waiting anxiously for twenty-five minutes for his "therapist" to appear.

In those twenty-five minutes, his anxiety has skyrocketed.

Hannibal's office is not a safe place for Will; hell, anything of Hannibal's is not safe for him, but especially not this place. Memories of being threatened lied to, and gaslighted run circles in his mind. Over there, on that black leather seat is where Hannibal had first hidden Will's encephalitis. Up there, against those bookshelves, is where he'd manipulated him into believing he'd killed Abigail.

Here had been the start to their six-year-long game of cat and mouse.

When Will closes his eyes, he can picture it all so clearly; every moment, every touch, every time Hannibal sought to change him. He remembers morphing into something so clearly other that it almost felt divine.

Then he remembers waking up six years in the past.

Clarity is one hell of a drug, but Will thinks he might need to talk to Dr. Castor about the night terrors.

He opens his eyes he didn't know he'd shut and is met once again with his current situation. Then he remembers what he has planned for today and his stomach does a barrel roll.

In a desperate attempt to calm his nerves, he focuses on feeling the fabric of the couch run against his fingertips.  The fibers are smooth, uncreased; the color stands out against his skin. He never noticed before how much the blue-tinted white color resembles a freshly slaughter corpse. The image of himself resting on a victim is so strong that he can practically smell the start of decay. Fascinated, he runs his index finger along the seam and imagines he's Zeller, taking a scalpel to the chest of a victim. This body is fresh, only a handful of hours old, so when he splits it open, a little blood pools at the open flaps; curious.

Will blinks and the image is gone.

Sighing, he leans back, sliding down the couch until his head knocks the top of it. He checks his watch; only five minutes until the session starts – wasn't it five minutes ago? Or is he crazy? Maybe Will can stop time as well as travel through it…that would actually be really cool.

His foot taps the hardwood floor in a nonsense pattern. He takes a deep breath and runs his hands through his brown locks, tugging at the root.

Four minutes.

The question "should he really be doing this sounds in his mind every time he spares a glance at his briefcase which looms on the floor beside him. It holds the contents of what he will use to "torture" Hannibal today.

He had been so confident leaving Dr. Castor's office, but now that the time to act on his promises to "give Hannibal hell" is here…Well, he can't help the way his stomach tumbles at even the thought of carrying out his plan.

Just being in this office is a crime against the devil, and that's not even half of what Will is going to do.

"Fuck…fuck," he murmurs, leg bouncing.

Truth be told, the cannibal doesn't know Will very well yet, he might not hesitate to hunt him down and kill him for what he's going to do today.

And it would be in his rights. as far as Hannibal was concerned. Well, well within his rights.

Another wave of nausea hits him, this time with a chill running down his spine. He wipes the sleeve of his grey jacket on his forehead only for it to pull away wet. Is he *sweating?*

His watch reads one minute. Good God, what the hell is he doing?

He runs the palms of his hands in circles over his jeans and tries to take deep, calming breaths to lower his heart rate. Hannibal can smell fear, so he can probably, defiantly hear it too.

This is such a bad idea, Will is going to get himself killed before his new life can even begin.

And yet there's a part of him, a large part of him, that wants to do it anyway. He isn't afraid of Hannibal, not anymore. Not after the Red Dragon; not after his becoming which really had turned out to be a becoming after all.

Just not in the way Hannibal had planned it. That is what Will is so excited about, the chance to be the lion instead of the lamb.

The lock clicks and he almost falls to the floor for how high his body jumps.

For a moment, everything is tense, then the door swings open.

The minute Hannibal's eyes find him, Will can see the shock on his face. He might not seem to move a muscle, but the darkening of his eyes, the slight – very, very slight – tightening of his lips, show Will that he is *enraged.*

Will gulps. 'Get through it.' He tells himself and bunches the fabric of his jeans.

"I was not aware that I left this door unlocked." Hannibal comments, closing and locking the door behind him.

"Y-You didn't." Will stammers, pushing his glasses up his nose. His finger misses the rim and puts a smudge right in the corner. damn, he's not used to these things.

He's defiantly ordering contacts as soon as possible.

"I see," Hannibal says politely, crossing the room to set his keys on his dark wood desk.

He lingers there for a moment, obviously unsure of what to say. Will's heart rate starts to come down. Maybe it will be okay…

"It was stuffy in the waiting room; I didn't think you'd mind giving the level of professionalism my file undergoes in your hand."

When Hannibal turns around, pen and clipboard in hand, his face is neutral. "Very well, but in the future, I would let you know that I prefer to walk in with my clients. Professionalism, and all."

Will's lips twitch up into a purposeful smile. "Sure thing, Dr. Lecter." He doesn't apologize.

They meet at Hannibal's two lounge chairs – still miles apart. Will perches on one of them, briefcase gripped tightly in his left hand. The anxiety has started to return, only increasing when Hannibal looks at him with his piercing deep brown eyes.

*"This is all I ever wanted for you, Will."*

Will blinks the memory away. 'Focus on the now' he tells himself, 'on your becoming.'

"I uh…" he starts, fingers twitching, moving over his legs. Even after all those years with Hannibal, he'd never managed to shake his nervous ticks. "I got a new dog."

"Found a new dog." Hannibal clarifies. He plucks a tissue from the box to his right and holds it put to Will. When Will looks at it questioningly, Hannibal adds, "You are sweating."

"O-Oh…" he bends across the ocean of carpet to retrieve it and mindlessly dabs at his head.

Once Hannibal is satisfied with Will's state, he reintroduces the dog topic.

"He's Jack Russel mix of some kind…they left him on the side of the road which seems…" he trails off for a moment, feigning thought. In reality, there is nothing he could say to the

cannibal about his mental state that would spark interest. He has to pretend, to a certain degree, that he is still in the same fucked up mindset he was when Hannibal met him – to a certain degree of course. “Fitting.”

From there he pushes off the seat, briefcase in hand; time to get to work before he chickens out. This needs to be done even if it’s the scariest thing in the world.

“Fitting?” Hannibal echoes, eyes following Will as he crosses over to the right side of his desk. “You are of course referring to yourself.” He falls into that familiar cadence Will knows so well. “I have suspected your kindness towards lonely animals derives from your desperation to be found yourself, am I right?”

Will could almost chuckle at how close Hannibal and Dr. Castor sound right now. Though he supposes people with psychology degrees might come to similar conclusions. And it’s sort of obvious after all.

“Is it that obvious?” he asks, setting the briefcase on the table and clicking it open. This is it… “Tell me, is my demeanor which exudes desperation, Dr. Lecter, or does my profession lead you there?”

“I think it is your soul.” Hannibal's eyes are sharp, observant.

“My soul?” Will laughs, retrieving a fishing weight in the shape of a goldfish. It’s heavy in his hand, and he tosses it as he walks around the desk – to the desk lamp – and places the fish right beside it.

He can feel Hannibal’s eyes burning on the back of his neck, he grins; goal achieved.

“I don’t believe in souls, Dr.” he grabs another item – a big plastic analog clock – and replaces Hannibal’s crystal one with it.

“We all believe in something, Will-“

“Dr. Graham.”

“We all believe in something, Dr. Grahm. We all have our comforts, our vices.” Hannibal has remarkable composure. Then again, he always did.

“Mm,” Will grabs another weight and bounces over to a shelf behind Hannibal’s desk which holds some pretentious memorabilia. “Perhaps I find comfort in the absence of belief.” He trails his hands. “In knowing that it is this life and this life only that I must contend with. When I die there will be no afterbirth. Perhaps I find comfort in that.” He takes an old dagger off its stand and lies it in front, pulling the intricate silver sheath, depicting the assassination of Cesar, off just a little.

“Then that is what you believe,” Hannibal answers expertly, despite what must be rage boiling under his person-suit.

“I guess it is.”

It's a load of bullshit, of course. Will isn't exactly sure what he believed in before – most certainly not God – but now that's been all thrown out the window and replaced with…this. Is life just an endless cycle of life? Do humans live their same existences over and over after death, trying to get it right? It's a crazy theory, but one which is worth considering. Perhaps Will is only aware of it by error…perhaps he has lived his own life countless times before. The thought of that defiantly makes him ill.

As well as the thought that, if he's correct, past him had a much, much more fucked experience than even the second most recent version of Will did. Maybe Hannibal ate him the last, last time.

"What do you believe?" He finds himself asking as he trails his right hand down the side of the desk. He never actually asked that, but he always wondered.

There's a beat of silence. Perhaps he asked too soon?

"When I was a boy…" Hannibal starts, shifting to cross one leg over the other. "I lived in the knowledge of God's existence…" his fingers tap his leg methodically; he's mimicking one of Will's fidgets. "Now, I cannot see how to believe in someone you do not know."

Will chuckles unconsciously.

"You find that amusing?" Hannibal questions.

"No," Will answers truthfully. "I am inclined to agree."

There's silence for a while as Will goes around fucking up Hannibal's space. He puts several more weights down, shifts a few defiantly priceless items, and pockets a tiny iron statue of a Jaguar.

Finally, Hannibal reaches his breaking point. Will hears him stand up and turns around to see him smooth out his suit before he crosses the room to stand directly in front of Will, hand lying flat on the space where Will was about to put a homemade lure. "Might I ask what you are doing?"

They are inches away from each other. They haven't been this close since…since…

Will jumps back, unprepared for that memory. "Nothing." He chirps, setting the figure down somewhere else. "I just find your office a bit boring, if I'm being honest." He pushes his glasses up and grins. "Last time I was here, you said I could make myself at home. You are a man of your word, aren't you…" he considers saying Hannibal's first name, but chickens out before the words form on his lips. "Dr?"

If looks could kill, Will would be dinner. Those eyes watch him carefully, and Will knows that this must be so strange to him. He who from the very moment he met Will, knew the empath could understand him; it must be so strange to be violated in such a way by that very same man.

Still, all Hannibal does is shrug, slow and purposeful, and leave Will's side to retire to his desk chair. "I believe that is our time for today."

~

Leaving unscathed is nothing short of a triumph. There's a new, pure energy coursing through Will's veins and he waves goodbye to Hannibal Lecter. He had *done* it, really truly done it. And oh, the taste of Hannibal's rage had been sweeter than any dessert, better than any meal the cannibal had ever cooked for him.

Will hums, even skipping a little, all the way to his car. Hannibal's clock sits in his briefcase, Hannibal's fucking clock!

Will had spent six years knowing the man more intimately than anyone ever had. Just as Hannibal had taken Will's weakest points, his most raw insecurities his deepest and darkest nightmares, and made them real, Will could now do the same.

There will be no framing now, he knows that for sure. Will can scarcely believe that he's actually getting to take his life back.

That he will never have to suffer so immensely for the pleasure of a psychopath ever again.

If Hannibal doesn't try and murder him, then he's free to do whatever he wanted. As he drives, even more ideas filled his head.

Rearranging his stuff, stopping his plans, inserting himself into the most private aspects of his life, and hinting at them in front of a crowd.

And catching him, of course, but that doesn't need to happen yet, it doesn't need to happen for a long time.

First, he needs to break the man, then he'll work on carting him off to the BSHCI like he deserved.

Will speeds on the highway, invigorated.

Will is the man who had sailed to Italy to confront Ill Monstro. He is the one who had gotten Hannibal to turn himself in just to keep Will's attention. He is the one who knew the Chesapeake Ripper's favorite music. There is no road he's afraid to go down; no level higher level of pettiness he can aspire to.

Of course, he'd no Mason Verger, hurting Hannibal is not on the menu, but driving him crazy…that, that will state his hunger, that will restore balance to the universe that was once ripped out from under his feet.

Hannibal Lecter is about to know the real Will Graham.

Chapter End Notes

Two Updates in a week?! Who are we?? -Chaniis

It only gets more deranged from here - Sammi

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